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A Literary Magazine



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MARCH, 1922

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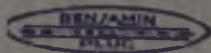
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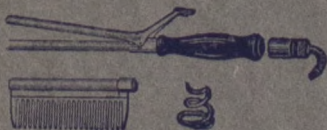


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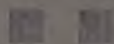


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THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

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MARCH, 1922

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Visits of Literary Men and Women

JOHN G. NEIHARDT.

When Mr. John G. Neihardt came to Missoula on December fifth he found many readers of his ringing epic verse of our Northwest who took pleasure in expressing their appreciative understanding of his devotion to the task of preserving for the future "the last great mood of courage of the Aryan race." To just that task Mr. Neihardt has dedicated his energy and his genius. Already his two long poems, *The Song of Three Friends* and *The Song of Hugh Glass*, testify to the thoroughness of his devotion and the high quality of his poetic power.

At a public lecture he read the fifth cycle of this grandly projected epic, *The Song of the Indian Wars*, just in process of being hammered into shape. He read for nearly two hours in a high pitched but well placed chanting voice of the frontier battle and Indian parleys, with his hearers alertly following the description of sunrises and sunsets—which are a stupendous feature of our wide western country, of days' journeys over wildernesses, of scout and trooper and Indian, of bands of savages and battalions of U. S. blue-coated infantry, of councils and parley-rings, of buffalo, of streams and rivers, of wild spaces, illimitable skies, and magnificent mountain ranges. As Homer of old sang of battles and individual contests, of Achilles and Odysseus and Agamemnon and Helen, of armour and war-chariots and battering-engines and "the topless towers of Troy," of the gods and their councils, of the Greeks and their arguments, the wide plain before the doomed city of Priam, the wine-colored sea, and the blue bowl of the sky, so Mr. Neihardt Little Bull Buffalo of the Omaha tribe, portrayed the stir of days when the white man first penetrated into this Northwest of ours and met the Indian. The customs and traits of Indian and trooper, the temper and the purpose of two peoples, their genius in parley and in battle maneuver glowed out from his reading with a never-to-be-forgotten fascination.

Before the students at the State University Mr. Neihardt read from his lyrics—April Theology, The Poet's Town, The Poet's Advice, and other songs written before, or shortly after, the dedication of his life to the writing of the story of the Northwest. He possess a genuinely lyric vein but he has avowedly abandoned it for the epic mood, believing that the former, which is only incidentally of use to the latter, cannot be cultivated with profit simultaneously with it.

Mr. Neihardt is a short man with immensely broad shoulders, narrow hips, and an enormously large head of wavy blonde hair. The Indians recognized his build in naming him. His features are sharp. The chin is firm and sharp, the mouth a taut line, the nose thin and long and somewhat beaked, the blue eyes are piercing and quick of movement, and the forehead expansive. His manner is alert. His conversational speech is crisp and active, coming always after a moment's deliberation. His bearing is confident and at the same time self-conscious.

As a companion Mr. Neihardt is serious and friendly. His great mission in life is never absent from his mind, so that constantly he is enlisting one in its service. He casts the conversation by preference into philosophical currents, delighting to state his views with fine precision, altho often in metaphysical terms. He knows every inch of Montana, apparently, and talks of its streams and mountains and plains with the enthusiasm of intimate knowledge. He is noticeably warmed by appreciation, being eager for understanding and approval of his task. One talks freely with him over a wide range of subjects.

His visit to Missoula and our campus was stimulating. He found many friends, he left more friends than he found. He gave to us fine personal contact with a man of poetic vision who knows the object of his devotion and knows it to be worthy of the full measure of a life. May he return to us often!

—H. M.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

There is a distinction, says Ellen Key, between free love and the freedom of love. This distinction is not limited. In many of the expressions of modern life libertines have gained dominance over the lovers of freedom. Not the least of these is poetry.

Some of the so-called verse published in our leading literary magazines is astounding. Its appearance is somewhat like that of the letters in alphabet soup. Its nourishing value is probably less while its auditory effect, when read aloud, is worse than that of jazz music.

In this age of inharmonious jabberings, heart-warming is the contact with one poet who has retained the element of real music in his verse. And Mr. Vachel Lindsay is one who has. His "music of the alphabet" theory is well demonstrated in his work. A rare sense of the musical value of the many sounds of each letter of the alphabet is Mr. Lindsay's most valuable possession. Combinations not only of vowels but of consonant sounds, arranged in swinging metre are

a distinct and laudable feature of his poetry. The music is different in nature from the notations of grand opera but it is music in the highest sense.

Many of his hearers passed judgment upon the poet from his reading. Caricatures were presented in which his oddities were emphasized. It must be remembered that Mr. Lindsay explained his attitude in these readings when he said that his best work was written for the "inner ear", that he would endeavor to show how one should read it for himself.

Much displeasure was expressed at his habit of closing his eyes or "staring at the ceiling". This superficial criticism is easily met. Mr. Lindsay's mode of memory is visual. He literally reads his poetry from the printed page. In order to see the words more vividly he closes or averts his eyes.

But the distinguishing mark of Mr. Lindsay's work is his group psychology. Many poets before him have dealt with the emotions, convictions and motive powers behind actions of individuals. Mr. Lindsay's greatest work is with the group. His "Congo", "General William Booth Enters Heaven" and "Caliope" are expressions of the motives and passions of throngs; not of many individuals in a throng but as one being, akin to the mob spirit.

—J. S.

ELLA VON VOLKENBURG AND MAURICE BROWNE.

It was the day of the first rehearsal with Ella von Volkenburg and Maurice Browne. The cast of *He Who Gets Slapped* had gathered in University Hall a full five minutes early. Some were feverishly going over their lines, gesturing and filling the room with an undertone of talk. Others, gathered into groups, debated the much-discussed question—Would the *Brownes* like them?

Mr. and Mrs. Browne entered with Mr. Dean. Our first impression was that of an unaffected man and woman who seemed genuinely pleased to meet us. The woman, we noticed, had a charming, simple manner, and the man who heartily shook our hands possessed an English accent. The enthusiasm with which they swung into the play, and the feeling with which they read their lines, was taken up by the rest of the cast and the dreaded first rehearsal went off with a gusto that had not been attained in previous ones.

Rehearsals brought annoying problems to be worked out and the cast was given an insight into the tiresome, tedious work an actor puts into a production. Small details which, to the layman seemed too unimportant to bother with, were worked out with careful patience. Technicalities that are never comprehended by the audience, except to give them the impression that the whole thing is right or wrong, were tirelessly gone over by them. This care was all taken in spite of the fact that they left all decisions to the director. "No. No! That is for you to say, Mr. Dean" was a frequent exclamation.

That a gesture or the manner of saying a line should "feel right" was of first importance. "That does not feel right," or "The psy-

chology of that move is wrong," they would often say. Acting to them was not acting. It was an expression of how they, in the characters of Consuelo and He, really felt. They so completely lost themselves in the character that during rehearsal frequent halts had to be called for Mr. Browne, who played the strenuous role of the clown, to smoke a cigarette and rest.

Intense attention and complete absorption in the play characterized them both. The play was the thing and as far as an observer could judge, nothing else entered their consciousness during the time they were engaged with it. This appeared to be most of the time for their hours of work were not limited to rehearsals. Many of the suggestions they offered were thot out between rehearsals.

Too much cannot be said about the willingness of the Brownes to go thru special rehearsals for the benefit of members of the cast and to rehearse in a cold theater going over and over some parts because a character made a slip. A good deal of the interesting, colorful effect of costumes and scenery was due to them. Both loaned their clothes generously.

University students and faculty will probably best remember Mr. and Mrs. Browne by the intimate glimpse given of them at a convocation. In a delightfully simple, informal way they read selections of Rupert Brooke's poetry and told bits of his life known to them thru their close friendship with the poet. Mr. Browne became almost inarticulate at times because of his deep affection for Rupert Brooke, but this only served to bring the "young, golden god" more vividly before the audience.

Since their visit, theatrical magazines and dramatic pages of New York papers are more generally and more intelligently read by some at least. A bit of the theatrical world, particularly the little theater movement, has been brought to the campus.

—A. W.

ROBERT FROST.

Robert Frost, the poet who is to be in Missoula on April 10, is not perfectly represented in reviews and literary gossip. I hope many people will read "A Boy's Will," 1913, "North of Boston," 1914, and "Mountain Interval," 1916. Meanwhile, I will offer corrections and additions to the remarks of reviewers; for I have known Mr. Frost since 1911, when we were both teaching, he in the State Normal School and I in the high school, at Plymouth, New Hampshire.

Never was there a more thoroughly independent man than Robert Frost. His acceptance of an honorarium to live at the University of Michigan does not make him the "pet" of President Burton. He is there not as a literary lion, but as a living incarnation of the creative way of life—which, I take it, is the ultimate purpose of all education—and as one to whom those really interested in writing can go for suggestions from a master.

Nor is Mr. Frost the poet of New England and nothing more. Mr. Frost lived in San Francisco until the death of his father, who was a fighting newspaper editor in full armor to the last. He tramped south in his teens, and worked in a mill in one of the

Carolinas. Mr. Frost's poems about experiences and people in New England are poems of universal experience and essential humanity, partly because they are drawn from so deep within the life he had longest and most intimately shared.

He is American to the marrow; a good citizen of the world, because he does not rationalize away his instinctive fondness for the closer associations of family, region and country. That his books did not make their first appearance in this country is not because of any bitterness.

Neither bitterness nor "froitness" could be charged against him by anyone who knew him. He does not gush, and he does not "boost". For

"Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak;" and

"We love the things we love for what they are."

His message has usually to be inferred; for he is too profoundly humorous to preach. But I know of nobody who has served better as an encourager of dauntless thinking, creative living, generous friendliness, forgiving sympathy and whole-souled love.

Mr. Frost is never deliberately original. He removes no ancient landmarks merely to try his dynamite. But every utterance of his is the unmixed expression of something real within him.

He knew his was true poetry, and so when rebuffed by the editors for a decade, he did not lose patience, or try to produce something more acceptable. He merely kept faith, and continued to write, not indifferent to obscurity but sure of himself.

The warmth of Mr. Frost's interest in people, the tenderness of his sympathy differentiates him from such as understand profoundly, but save their emotions from becoming too painfully engaged. He makes no scientific studies. He cares tremendously, and other people's sufferings torture him.

I think sympathetic tenderness and perfect sincerity are the supreme distinctions of Robert Frost.

—S. H. C.

Reverie

Soft, cool clouds that hide, like purple shrouds, the hills
Breathe cooling draughts across the fever of my thoughts.
Beyond the field, where poplars bend, a robin trills
And sleepy sounds of insects conjure dreams.
The rustle of the tiny rain drops stills;
The universe is limitless and cool;
And all the silences of evening bear her voice
While in the soft dark spaces of the night occur
The misty, moonlit eyes, the swelling breasts of her.

—JACK B. STONE.

The White Dove of France

Persons in the Play.

PIERRE—*An Old Villager.*

ATHALIE—*His Daughter.*

PERE ARNOT—*The Parish Priest.*

RODOLFE—*Athalie's Lover.*

The action takes place at the house of Pierre, in the village of Souvigny, at the edge of Sedan, where Napoleon III is undergoing the historic siege which ended in the downfall of France.

The main room in Pierre's house is wide, spacious, low, and homely, with a predominance of browns and blacks throughout, broken by some blue delft-ware on the mantel. The mantel is of carved walnut, over a great stone fire place, the mouth and throat of which are blacked with smoke. A turf fire is burning, shedding over the room a dim light, which is augmented by a candle or two, standing lighted on the table. More candlesticks of carved wood stand among the plates on the mantel, where also is a large earthen jar. Above the fireplace hangs a huge, old-fashioned musket, the lock cocked back. The chairs and other furniture, including a huge cabinet, are heavy and dark, beautifully polished. A small sanctuary light burns with a steady glow before a little shrine with a gilt statue of the Virgin. Three doors, set in pointed arches, lead off to the back, right, and left.

(Pierre is discovered sitting at the table, reading a large Bible; he wears a huge pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, which he removes and polishes as the curtain rises; the clock strikes five. Enter Athalie from left, with a shepherd's great-cloak about her, and carrying a crook.)

ATHALIE: A good evening to thee, Father!

PIERRE: *(Rising and placing the Bible on the table)* Blessing on thee, child! Greet thine old father. *(She kisses him affectionately).* But thou hast been weeping, child!

ATHALIE: *(Removing her coat and speaking hastily)* Father, I have warned thee often not to read when it is so dark. Hast—

PIERRE: *(there is a slight, peevish sternness in his voice)* Daughter thou hast wept this afternoon, and not long since. Thine eyes are red and raw—

ATHALIE: *(looking at the floor)* Oh, no, father! It is nothing. It was bitterly cold today, and the wind was rough and stinging on the north meadow. It was the wind made my eyes red. *(She goes to the fireplace, lights a candle, and sets it on the table. Returns to the fireplace, her lips quivering, and trembling as if from the cold; she chafes her hands).* See, even my hands are cracked and chapped with the cold!

PIERRE: *(taking one of her hands, and caressing it)* Poor little white hand! God never meant for it to carry a shepherd's crook! But oh, my darling, what it has wrought for our France!

ATHALIE: (*sadly*) There is scarce a blade of last summer's grass left for the freezing sheep.

PIERRE: Whither dost thou lead them to pasture?

ATHALIE: (*a bit confused*) To- to the north fields father; I- I-

PIERRE: To the *north* fields, didst thou say?

ATHALIE: (*rising*) Yes; I- I-

PIERRE: (*sternly*) Have a care, girl, when thou goest to the north, thou goest not too near the Prussian reserves! They are not far, and the swine—.

ATHALIE: (*finger to lips, and gazing about in a frightened manner*) Oh, hush, father!

PIERRE: (*recklessly*) What care I for their spies? Though they leave Souvigny in peace for a tribute of our cheese and meat, I fear they would not withstand such a morsel as thou, my Athalie! Canst not thou pasture the sheep to the south?

ATHALIE: I shall see. Hast thou had the day's news yet from Pere Arnot?

PIERRE: Not yet. (*Becomes excited*) Oh, I know nothing, but I fear much for our beloved country! Our people have seen strange things of late! This very day, as I walked in a bit of the sunshine at noon, a white pigeon from the old belfry was billing on our roof. (*He commences to walk the floor.*) Suddenly she flew wildly. A hawk! She reached for heaven with her wings, but the hawk was too close: she dived down the chimney! I ran into the house; there was a flutter in the chimney, a wheeze, and the white dove croaked forth a hideous raven! In this very room it happened! The dove died, my child! Here! (*He takes a bundle from beneath the table, and unwraps it*) France, my France!

ATHALIE: (*caressing the dead dove*) Oh, one of our beautiful white doves. I know her—I know them all that eat the morning crumbs out of my hand at the Angelus.

PIERRE: (*gloomily, sternly*) It can only mean that our fair France will be driven to the blackness and the death of defeat by the two-headed hawk of Prussia! Oh, curse these barbarians! Athalie, thou too must curse them, and it shall be as if the Virgin herself cursed!

ATHALIE: Ah, father. I who have been taught by my pere Arnot to love everything the sun shines upon—can I curse even Prussians? God's justice and His mercy do not need men's curses to sway the scales—

PIERRE: (*with a sort of fanatical sternness in his voice*) Girl, I do love thee, but shouldst thou breathe a prayer for him—for *any* Prussian, I believe I could stop thy breath with these old withered claws of mine!

ATHALIE: (*she has shrunk away in fright.*) Father!

PIERRE: (*relaxing and again becoming quietly gloomy*) Child! child! Forgive thy old father! His love for France has made his heart heavy and his head light! Oh, where might this passion carry me? But do not weep, dear! I am old—yes, I am old, I think,

and old men say strange things. (*He gazes into the fire.*) Art thou dearer to me than France? Sometimes I almost believe I could suffer thee to love thy Prussian so long as thou didst love me too—

ATHALIE: (*as if suppressing great excitement.*) Oh father—

PIERRE: Why, what is it child?

ATHALIE: (*she has come over very close to him.*) Father, I cannot tell, but I think I might tell Pere Arnot—

PIERRE: Why bless me, Athalie! If my old head hadn't forgotten it! Good Pere Arnot promised to take a sup with us tonight! You may talk to him to your little heart's content, my dear.

ATHALIE: (*at Pierre's interruption she has retreated, in seeming dejection, to a place near the fire—her voice now is dead.*) I love to have my old teacher with us—it makes me feel so—so—

PIERRE: Yes?

ATHALIE: (*slowly, carefully*) So—so as I was when I learned the "Our Father" and "Who made the world?" from him—I, who never had a mother to teach me—. But (*vivaciously*) what shall I cook? I fear our cupboard is almost bare. (*Runs to cupboard, and starts rummaging about.*)

PIERRE: Slice that ripe cheese the Prussians left us, and wipe the cobwebs from a bottle of the oldest white wine in the secret cellar. (*He laughs.*) The good Lord never meant such wine as that to be swilled by Teuton swine! And there is a bit of dried ram's haunch in the cupboard, daughter. Thou canst roast it on the big spit in the outer room (*motions to right*) I shall go down to the baker's for a loaf of wheaten bread. (*Takes coat, hat, and staff from a peg in the corner.*) Help me get this cloak about me, child. (*Athalie helps him.*) It is almost an hour before the priest comes. There! Goodby, dear. (*Kisses her.*)

ATHALIE: Good-by, father.

(*Exit Pierre R. Athalie bars the door after him, gets out the piece of meat, and starts out other door, R. Suddenly there is a low knock at the door thru which Pierre has departed. Athalie listens a moment frightened; the knock is repeated. She cautiously approaches the door; a short parley, soto voce, is held, and she opens the door. A young man enters stealthily; he is dressed in the uniform of a Prussian "Unteroffizier," but is well wrapped up in a greatcloak; he closes the door and bars it, then removes his helmet and faces Athalie, who is standing amazed in the center of the room.*)

ATHALIE: (*in a low, excited voice*) But Rodolfe, what do you here?

RODOLFE: (*trembling, in an excited tone*) Athalie, come at once, tonight.

ATHALIE: What? I can't—Rodolfe—oh Rodolfe, my dear.

RODOLFE: We must flee! Not a minute to lose—

ATHALIE: Yes, quick! before father comes back!

RODOLFE: I have watched for hours to see you. I saw your father out of sight. Listen, Athalie! (*he grasps her hands.*) I fear I am suspected! I think someone saw me with you yesterday.

ATHALIE: No, oh no!

RODOLFE: (*He has become quiet and determined.*) They fear I will be double traitor—

ATHALIE: You are not a traitor! (*she stamps her foot*) No! No! No!

RODOLFE: Heaven be my witness, no! But what do they care that I was born in France, in Souvigny? My father was a Prussian, therefore am I a Prussian! What do the French care that my father pledged me to Prussia on his dying bed?

ATHALIE: But your mother was French: you were born in France, therefore are you a Frenchman!

RODOLFE: Yes—A man without a country! But for you I should die. But quick, I have planned a way to Calais. Thence to England, thence to America. Then we shall be free! Free! How I love the word! Then we can bring your father. (*Suddenly*) Have you told him yet?

ATHALIE: No. I tried; I couldn't.

RODOLFE: Surely he would understand. I know his hot temper; I know that his judgment has never grown beyond his youth! But he loves you! Better you tell him than have another tell.

ATHALIE: (*wringing her hands*) Oh, heaven pity me now! I had not thought of it—oh, my father! He will never leave his France! Here was he born, here he loved, here he fought—and Rodolfe, he hates you! Yes, he does love me, but he would kill us both if he found you here. He looks sadly at times, and then I know he thinks of you. He knew how much we loved before the war. But now it is France, France, France! He mutters "France" in his sleep. He never prays for his soul's salvation, but for France! Do you remember the prisoner the *poilus* had in their retreat into that suckhole of Sedan? (*pointing over her shoulder.*) Remember, I told you how Pere Arnot tried to save him from the furious men? And how my father almost cursed the priest for it? God be my witness, I, too, love France! Her name sticks in my throat—I cannot speak it for tears! Oh, I love her. But ah, I love you! (*Throwing herself on his breast.*) I wonder if God will think me selfish.

RODOLFE: Never! my love. But quick! After your supper make a pretext for leaving the house; come to the south road; I shall meet you there. But Athalie, tell your father. If he does not understand, at least you will not be worried. I have overstayed my leave,—by dark the Prussians will be filling these woods, hunting me. (*Suddenly clasping her to him.*) Come now!

ATHALIE: I could not now! Father—! Will the Prussians hurt the village?

RODOLFE: (*looking out*) It is black as pitch already! No—no, they will not harm the people! The people furnish them meat and cheese! They would not take the food out of their own mouths. Besides, they will want only me. Listen! (*He listens carefully, then speaks low and rapidly.*) I have secrets of theirs and they know it! (*Footsteps and a scraping are heard outside.*)

ATHALIE: It is father! Quick! Out this way! (*She leads him toward left door.*)

RODOLFE: (*Pulling cloak about him.*) You'll come? Tell your father!

ATHALIE: (*Pushing him toward the door.*) Oh, quick, quick!

RODOLFE: You'll meet me?

ATHALIE: Yes! Go!

(*Exit Rodolfe. Athalie stands for a moment against the door, panting. She opens the door, and as her father enters with a package, she goes quickly to the fireplace, and commences blowing the blaze.*)

PIERRE: (*blinking in the candle light; shuts and bars door.*) Bless me! How dark it is! It looks as if it will snow. Well, Athalie—Why, what's this? What's the matter here?

ATHALIE: (*Without rising or looking up, and in a low voice.*) Nothing, father.

PIERRE: Why, child, what hast thou been doing? Where is the meat and the wine? Why, daughter (*taking her chin in his hand and looking at her*)—thou hast been weeping—and again! What is it, darling? (*tenderly*).

ATHALIE: No, no, father! The wood is wet, and will not burn; I have been blowing the flame. My cheeks burn from the heat, and the smoke is in my eyes.

PIERRE: (*uncertain, but a bit suspicious.*) Well well, child! Thou art not so cheerful of late; I had not noticed it before. But quickly! Pere Arnot will be here very shortly! And, darling, Tonino said he had not baked today—the wind was wrong, and drove down the chimney. But I ransacked the village and found bread. To it now, darling, and we shall yet have a fine supper for our priest! Shall I read a passage from the Bible to thee? (*He has removed his cloak and hat.*)

ATHALIE: Yes, father. (*He sits down, takes the Bible from the table. Athalie proceeds to get utensils from the cupboard, and starts to dress the meat.*)

PIERRE: What shall I read thee, child? Shall it be Job? Or wouldst like to hear of David's wars? Or of the wars of the Maccabees? How they drove the Syrian wolf to his lair? These stories give me heart, when I think of the Teuton ravagers! Shall I read of Judas?

ATHALIE: N—No, father—if you please—would you read me of Ruth? The part where she says she will cling to the one she loves?

PIERRE: Ruth and Naomi? Why surely, darling; but why dost thou choose that gentle thing in these times of strife?

ATHALIE: Because—Oh, never mind; father! Do not ask me! Hast found the place?

PIERRE: I know it as thine own face. "And Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.'"

(*Athalie has stopped working, and is hanging on every word; as he finishes, she begins to weep.*)

ATHALIE: Oh, father! If I had been Ruth, could you have forgiven me for running away with one I love—? (*she can scarcely articulate.*)

PIERRE: (*embracing her*) Why, what is it child? Tell thy old father! (*Footsteps outside.*) But bless me, darling! Dry your tears; here is the good *pere* now! (*Athalie frantically wipes her eyes, and tries to appear calm; Pierre unbars the door, and Pere Arnot enters.*)

PIERRE: Welcome, good Pere Arnot!

ARNOT: (*gazing all the while intently at Athalie, who half shrinks away.*) Bless thee son: and thee too, daughter. (*Blesses them; both bow, and make the sign of the cross.*)

PIERRE: God bless you, good father!

ATHALIE: Amen.

PIERRE: May I remove your cloak? (*He takes cloak, hat, and staff from the priest.*) How is the weather?

ARNOT: It is beginning to snow a bit; I fear a storm before midnight. (*Turning to Athalie and lifting her chin with his hand.*) And how is my red-cheeked Athalie tonight? I do not see thee often nowadays, daughter. Well, a brighter time is coming, I hope, when thou canst read thy books in peace, and spin thy wool at leisure; then men will tend the flocks again and the world will be at peace! (*He watches her carefully.*)

ATHALIE: Will you excuse me that I may make the supper? (*rather nervously.*)

ARNOT: Bless thee, dear, go! (*Athalie curtsies, gathers up her utensils, and goes out.*) A gentle lass—a gentle lass—(*suddenly looking at the floor, and talking as if to himself*) Oh God! Can it be so?

PIERRE: (*wonderingly*) Can what be so?

ARNOT: (*as if catching himself*) Oh nothing, nothing, good Pierre! I meant nothing!

PIERRE: Well! Now sit you comfortable in this chair—there, at the warm side of the chimney. (*Arnot seats himself.*) Will you have a pipe? Good tobacco is scarce these days, but here is a good pipe of old Virginia. (*Takes a pipe from the rack, fills it and hands it to the priest, and lights it for him.*) There! Now tell me the news of the day, while we wait for the mutton to roast.

ARNOT: I thank thee, son. As for the news, it is the same! The cordons draw tighter about Sedan. Ah, good Pierre, I fear the life-blood of France is in that sucking whirlpool of fire and bayonets. Oh for another Joan to save us! (*It is whispered, he is leaning forward intensely*) that Bismarck will annex Alsace and Lorraine!

PIERRE: (*on his feet instantly*) What! Alsace and Lorraine! Oh, there is a mistake! The justice of heaven has gone wrong! Those lands, the very soul and heart of France—to be torn from her! (*He seems dazed.*) Whence comes this news?

ARNOT: Have patience, Pierre! Remember, God ruleth all! Thou

wert ever rash and impatient, and your fire has ever strengthend as you become aged! I never saw so old a body carry so young and rash a head! Sit thee down! (*Pierre subsides slowly into a chair.*) The news comes from one of our spies.

PIERRE: From one of our spies? Lamont?

ARNOT: No; Belange. He whispered it to me today. Oh, how much faith I have in mother France! Such people as ours are her backbone and her heart! Why our spies have been back and forth, day in, day out, from Napoleon to the others at Paris—and every soul in Souvigny knows of the system, down to the youngest babe that prattles—yet Prussia never suspects! How proud I am that I discovered this, the only loophole in Prussia's net! How proud I am that it is I who have the privilege of directing the system that is baffling the Wilhelmstrasse! I have never been afraid for one moment until—until—(*he stops, and gazes reflectively, gloomily, into the fire.*)

PIERRE: "Until" what? What do you mean?

ARNOT: (*again intensely, leaning forward*) Listen! Do you hear a noise over toward the church?

PIERRE: (*listening*) No, I hear nothing except the wind rising in the chimney and the hiss of snowflakes in the fire. (*As they listen, running is heard outside, and a knock. Pierre, at a motion from Arnot, unbars the door. It bursts open, almost knocking him down; a villager, breathless and scowling, rushes in, and blinks toward Arnot.*)

VILLAGER: Pere—pere—the people say the woods are full of Prussians.

ARNOT: (*rising in extreme agitation*) What? so soon! I thought it would be longer—

VILLAGER: They are searching the woods for something, and they are coming nearer! The people are gathered before the church, (*a confused shouting from a distance is heard,*) and they threaten that they will hang her despite you—

ARNOT: Be still, Andre! Quickly, now! (*he is speaking very rapidly, to cut off the wildly gesticulating villager.*) There is nothing to fear! Not another word! Go, tell the people to go to their homes and remain quiet, Good night, Andre. (*Pushes him, at the last words through the doorway, and shuts and bars the door.*) These brawling, noisy people! Do not fear, good Pierre! (*Turning to the astounded Pierre.*)

PIERRE: But what is it? What does it mean?

ARNOT: (*hastily.*) Do not think on it, good Pierre!

PIERRE: But I do not like it—I do not like it—

ARNOT: Be seated, Pierre. (*After Pierre has become more quiet, he resumes:*) Did I not notice a wan and wasted look in the face of thy sweet Athalie? Did she not look worn and speak listlessly? Or was it the candlelight in my eyes and the cold in my ears made her seem so?

PIERRE: Why, yes! Poor darling, she says the wind was biting on the heath today. How it tears me to see her getting thin and old with work and worry! Her flock is such trouble to her that I fear she cannot bear with it much longer. How bravely she took them over when her brother,—God rest his soul!—went to the

war! She has been wife and daughter and mother to me—my all in my old age! Beautiful, good, devout, lovely within as without! To me she is as much as France! She is France to me—the white soul of my beloved *patrie*! I love her for that as for herself.

ARNOT: Has Athalie ever heard of Rodolfe?

PIERRE: Ah, that traitor! When he left she tried to make some excuse or other for him—some “death-bed oath,” or some such drivelling rot—yet I know now she hates him—hates him worse than I do!

ARNOT: But didst not thou too once love the lad?

PIERRE: Yes—Yes! Myself, I cannot blame her too much; I, too, loved the lad before—before he went away—curse the weakness of my old heart that should hate him! Sometimes even now I catch myself thinking of him as he was in the old days. But he was punished! (*Laughing nervously, he stands.*) They say he wept for days, and would not eat—tried to drown himself—when my Athalie renounced him! Oh, hate like hers would canker a saint’s heart in heaven! (*Arnot has been standing attentively, frowning at the floor; he now speaks as if to himself.*)

ARNOT: I shall not say it—it need not be done tonight! And yet—and yet—

PIERRE: Why, what do you mean, father? You act so strangely tonight—! All these “excepts” and “and yet”! (*vehemently*).

ARNOT: Good Pierre, I beg of thee have patience! If you talk for a minute, you are worked into a frezy! Save all thy patience! I shall tell thee something that may break thy old heart, as it has already broken mine!

PIERRE: (*wonderingly*.) But, pere, you cannot do that! My France in the dust, my son gone, my goods taken—what more can I lose? My honor is safe. My heart is shivered, can it be broken again?

ARNOT: Listen patiently, and summon all thy strength! For, what I say—but, hast thou noted, Pierre, (*he looks him intently in the face, as if to read all he can there*) that thy daughter—

PIERRE: Ha! (*astonishment in every lineament of his face.*)

ARNOT: (*he is talking swiftly, but evenly and distinctly.*) Hast thou noted thy daughter of late? Oh, I grieve—but we must think of France!

PIERRE: (*utterly bewildered*) Yes—no—God, what do you mean? I know not these riddles—

ARNOT: Pierre, hearken back for a moment! Dost thou remember at Athalie’s birth—when thy good Agnes died (*Jesus rest her soul!*)—dost recall the witch?

PIERRE: (*dazed, but by an effort collecting himself*) The witch? That weird old hag—the soothsayer—?

ARNOT: (*finger to lips*) Not so loud—do not let us be heard! Yes, I mean her who prophesied at births.

PIERRE: Yes, I recall; but what—?

ARNOT: She said—dost remember—when thou wouldst have named thy daughter Jeanne, she said, “France holdeth not two Domremys: Name not Souvigny’s daughter Jeanne. Jeanne loved France first, and no man! But call her Athalie—Athalie—!”

PIERRE: (*mechanically*) Athalie—Athalie—the Jewish traitress—God, man, what do you mean? (*he rises, every fiber quivering.*)

ARNOT: Sit down, Pierre, sit down! (*Pierre sits still trembling.*) Now grip thyself, and bear with me! Pierre, where does thy daughter pasture her sheep?

PIERRE: In the—why dost thou ask this? (*sharply.*)

ARNOT: Answer me!

PIERRE: In—why she said in the north fields! (*as if discovering something new a bit surprising in this.*)

ARNOT: Ay! And the feed is twice as good on the southern slopes!

PIERRE: What—what do you mean? Oh, do not talk riddles to me! Come at the point!

ARNOT: Are thy sheep well and healthy?

PIERRE: (*pausing a moment to think*) Why—they are a bit thinner than Anton Lagrange's, now I think of it!

ARNOT: Thy flock is often seen unattended of late—

PIERRE: But Athalie is with them—

ARNOT: (*bending forward and gazing intently at the old man.*) Now tell me, old man—oh God! would my tongue were torn from its roots ere ever it uttered one word against my curly-haired lassie!—but tell me, do shepherdesses take their flocks to the poorest pasture, when those to the south, the best ones, are nearer? And do shepherdesses go to the poorest pasture to evade the Prussians—when the Prussians are nearer the poor pasture than the good!

PIERRE: (*rising*) Fiends of hell! Oh, I'll listen no more!—I'll listen no more!

ARNOT: Oh, poor, poor old man! But seat thyself, Pierre, and hear!

PIERRE: (*remaining on his feet, however.*) Tell on! Break my heart. It can still feel! Never a heart is so broken that it cannot feel further pains!

ARNOT: Athalie has been seen entering the woods toward the Prussians—

PIERRE: No, no, no! Oh, I'll not believe it! I'll not believe it! My sweet Athalie!—Oh God! The sinning angles are long ago in hell! Athalie is not—! (*he seats himself, bowed and breathing hard.*)

ARNOT: Pierre, God knows I pity thee! I, too, love her whom I taught to walk and to pray—she is my daughter too! I took the place of mother to her. But is Athalie dearer to us than our France?

PIERRE: Oh, you say she is false to me—but false to France! (*He rises, ominous, and advances toward the priest.*) Old gray beard, have a care! I would stop forever any mouth but yours that said these things to me!

ARNOT: (*raising his hand, and motioning Pierre to be seated.*) Peace, man! Is not France first in thy old heart? Thou, whose father fought Prussia at the urging of the fiery Danton? Who thyself killed Prussians at Jena, at Auerstadt? Who served with the "Little corporal?" Speak! First or last, thou must choose between France and thy daughter!

PIERRE: Oh God! (*slumps into a chair.*) Speak on! (*His voice has become dead.*)

ARNOT: For two weeks, Athalie has been pasturing her flock in the deserted north fields—.

PIERRE: (*his head is bowed upon his breast.*) Yes; they are thin—thin—thin—(*His voice trails off.*)

ARNOT: Ever since the night that Jacques Delaserre saw the ghost with the Prussian helmet gliding through the village street—remember how we laughed at him?—ever since, Athalie has gone Prussian-wards! (*Then slowly, impressively.*) Twice, old man, our spies have seen thy daughter speaking with a Prussian officer in the woods!

PIERRE: Yes—was he a lieutenant? He is a lieutenant—. (*suddenly*) Oh, Athalie, Athalie, (*rising*) why do they say these things of thee? But you must prove it! You must prove it! (*To the priest. He is highly agitated.*)

ARNOT: The pastor must protect the flock, though it cost him his soul and his heart to do it!—Last of all, two weeks ago our spies brought the news that Rodolfe was assigned to the regiment posted just beyond the north wood! He came just the day before the Prussian ghost was seen in the streets of Souvigny!

PIERRE: (*about to collapse.*) Oh, my old ears—they grow deaf! What was it you said?

ARNOT: Rodolfe is a lieutenant in the post beyond the north wood—

PIERRE: (*Sinks into a chair, bowed and broken.*) My tears will not come! I cannot weep! Oh that I could weep my life out at my eyes! If all the world could melt in tears, and flow away!

ARNOT: (*He seems forcing himself to speak.*) And but yesterday, Jean Lamonte, our cleverest spy, was taken and hanged by the Prussians! (*He now speaks slowly and distinctly*) And no single soul but the people of Souvigny knew of his work, and none of the people of Souvigny have had anything to do with the Prussians but what was necessary, excepting only Athalie!

PIERRE: Perhaps it is true—I wonder if it is true—I wonder—I wonder—(*his head has fallen to his hands, his elbows on his knees; he rocks back and forth in regular cadence.*) I cannot think—(*Suddenly the voice of Athalie is heard singing in a voice infinitely sad and sweet.*)

ATHALIE'S VOICE: "Caches dans cette aïse,
Ou Dieu nous a conduits—" (*the voice hesitates a bit.*)

PIERRE: (*almost whispering, in the attitude of attention which he has assumed at the first note*) Listen! Is it traitress or is it an angel?

ATHALIE'S VOICE: "Unis par le malheur—" (*the voice quite breaks, falls, and dies away, as if checked with a sob.*)

ARNOT: (*after a tense pause*) Her voice breaks—she is weeping—.

PIERRE: (*still in his half-lethargy*) She has done that much—much of late—.

ARNOT: Does she sing often—?

PIERRE: Not as she used—not as she used—not as she—(*he is still swaying back and forth, his eye on nothing.*)

ARNOT: What does she sing?

PIERRE: The ancient ballads, the lullabys, the ditties we folks sing; but why?

ARNOT: I remember her singing the Marseillaise on the church steps when the troops passed through on their way to their posts and regiments. How sweet, pure, frail, innocent she looked! And how cheerily our sons went, with that sweet voice ringing in their ears! Does she ever sing it now?

PIERRE: The Marseillaise? No, not often—(*suddening, he strikes the table with his fist and rises.*) By Heaven, sir we will see! I'll find out her heart! She has not sung the Marseillaise this many a day! (*He goes to the door, and calls loudly for Athalie.*)

ATHALIE: (*within*) A moment, father! (*She enters, furtively wiping her eyes with a corner of her little white apron. Arnot seats himself.*) What is it, father?

PIERRE: Come in, child. (*He has grasped her by the wrist and now leads her toward the table, looking her deeply in the eyes the while.*)

ATHALIE: (*shrinking away from him.*) Why dost thou do this father? I was never afraid of thee before—

PIERRE: (*he attempts to smile; the result is a ghastly grin.*) Oh, do not fear me now, then!

ATHALIE: (*wincing a bit*) My wrist—why dost thou hold to my wrist so tightly?

PIERRE: (*laughing and unclasping her wrist; it is a ghastly sound he makes.*) Come, chuck! Sing a bar of the Marsellaise for the good father!

ATHALIE: Oh father—Pere—my voice is so rough from the wind and calling to the sheep—do not make me sing! (*She is shaking with nervousness.*)

PIERRE: (*walks toward her; she instinctively shivers.*) Dearest little one, you will not refuse your old tutor?

ARNOT: (*he seems quite as terrified at the sight of the old man as is Athalie herself.*) Just—just a verse, daughter—

ATHALIE: (*turning dismayedly from one to the other.*) Oh father—Good Pere—must I sing?

PIERRE: Just a strain, dear—the refrain.

ATHALIE: (*She is almost weeping.*) Oh, father! Do not make me sing tonight!

PIERRE: (*suddenly bringing his fist to the table shattering his cold clay pipe.*) Sing, girl!

ATHALIE: (*she is weeping*) Father—

PIERRE: No words more! Sing!

ATHALIE: (*shakily.*) “Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos **bataillons!**
Qu'un sang impure abreuve nos sillons—(*she quite breaks down.*)
Father! (*Attempts to throw herself into Pierre's arms; he thrusts her away.*)

PIERRE: Go, girl—get gone, and fetch the meal!

ATHALIE: Father thou hast never spoken thus to me—

PIERRE: (*pointing to the door.*) Hence, quickly! Go! (*Athalie goes out, weeping.*)

ARNOT: (*after a pause.*) How think you? (*Pierre seats himself, and does not reply for a time.*)

PIERRE: Yes—yes—I can think now—I begin to think—(*he returns to his lethargy, but now it is that of despair.*) I can feel no more—when the heart is gone, the head works better! I think—yes—I think! I think now she wanted me to read of Ruth and Naomi—how Ruth gave up home and country to follow the one she loved. I think I saw her reading in the Bible, and weeping over it but yesterday; she closed it quickly as I entered, but the leaf was turned down, and I read where her smudgy finger print was, “Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.” Oh, God—I shall go mad with this thinking! I shall go mad—! (*Enter Athalie with the victuals, which she spreads on the table amid a deep, silence, both men watching her every movement.*)

ATHALIE: (*when she has finished.*) Father—

PIERRE: Go, girl! You shall not eat with us tonight!

ATHALIE: Why—what—I don’t—

PIERRE: (*trembling.*) Go, girl—before I forget myself! (*Exit Athalie.*) (*Arnot and Pierre draw up to the table; the priest blesses the food, then carves it.*)

ARNOT: It is my place to give comfort; I fear I have dealt only sorrow tonight. Why dost not eat, good Pierre?

PIERRE: Girl, did I not say—? (*Suddenly changing his tone*) Ah, my child, come to me! This—Oh, daughter, I do love thee! Do not think hardly of me! I will not believe—say thou dost forgive me!

ATHALIE: I must go to Antoine’s for some salt butter—Oh, father! I have nothing to forgive thee, but thou shalt strain thy soul to forgive me! (*She kneels, burying her head in his lap.*) I love thee! Good by—good by—good by! (*Kissing his hands fervently and weeping.*)

PIERRE: (*stroking her hair.*) Why, how now, dear? Why “good-by” when thou goest only to Antoine’s?

ATHALIE: I am going to Antoine’s—yes, to Antoine’s. (*She kisses his gray hair.*) I shall take a penny from the earthen pot. (*She takes the old pot from the mantle, and comes forward, so that she faces away from them; she removes the lid, but instead of taking a coin from it, she slips a piece of paper out of her shawl into it.*) There are only a few pennies left now, father. (*Faces them, and replaces the pot.*) What wilt thou—will we do when they are gone? (*She goes out quickly, without looking at them. The two sit silent for a moment.*)

PIERRE: She cannot be guilty—she cannot be guilty! Yet why—why did she not deny it? Or even ask us our meaning? She only wept and wrung her hands. She seemed to understand—yet she did not deny it! Ah, my dove, my dove! It was thou was driven down the black way by the two-headed vulture of Prussia.

ARNOT: I fear her going out into the night—. (*He rises, and paces back and forth before the fireplace.*)

PIERRE: (*quickly.*) You think the Prussians are about? You think they will come tonight? Andre said—

ARNOT: Be calm Pierre! No, I think they will not come tonight. This affair has so stirred the people the last day or two that they let their fears rule their imaginations. No, there are no Prussians about, but the people—(*fearfully.*)

PIERRE: Oh, then she is safe! She knows and feeds every cur-dog in Souvigny—not even one of them would bite her! Why, the world loves her! Since she has toddled the dance, has she not been Souvigny's queen of the May? At Christmas, none forgets the little Athalie; and at Easter every sunny slope is robbed of its flowery treasures to make a bower of this old house! All for Athalie! The village loves her—

ARNOT: But the village thinks she is a traitress! Listen! (*suddenly.*) What is that sound? (*Shots are heard in the distance.*)

PIERRE: *Rising and tottering.*) Oh, my God! They are upon us!

ARNOT: Be quiet! Listen! It may be—(*A cry is heard, then running; the sounds approach; Athalie bursts in at the door, wild-eyed, crying to her father. Two or three men of the village are after her, followed to the door by a rabble of others; Athalie cowers beneath the shrine, her hands raised in prayer; Pierre backs slowly toward Athalie taking the musket from the mantle as he goes, always facing the door; he cocks the weapon; the priest advances, and halts the pursuers. A storm is progressing outside, and snow flies in at the door.*)

ARNOT: *Friends—children—*

VILLAGER: (*pointing to where Athalie crouches*) We want her! She is a traitress! (*Cries of "Traitor! Traitor!" within.*)

ATHALIE: (*in the calm of semi-craze.*) What do they mean, father?

ARNOT: (*Still with arms up before the invaders.*) My good people—

VILLAGER: Out of the way, abbe! You have hindered us enough! Do not make us forget your calling! After the traitress! (*He attempts to brush the priest aside.*)

PIERRE: (*leveling his musket.*) Not one step farther, dog, or I shoot! Not a vile hand touches this girl!

ARNOT: Will ye not go? Do not pass me!

VILLAGER: (*falling back.*) But, Pere, she has brought ruin upon us!

ARNOT: (*raising his crucifix on high.*) In the name of the Savior go, I beseech ye! To your homes! Disperse! Gather your children and your aged, take your goods of most value, and flee! Prepare to follow me to Paris! Let God's righteous justice fall upon whoever did this thing, and say a prayer for a damned soul!

ATHALIE: (*she is now weeping wildly, rocking back and forth on her knees.*) No, no, no! Father—Pere—I am not a traitress—no—no—no—no—(*ending in a long, hysterical wail.*)

(*Exeunt villagers, followed by Arnot, whose lips are moving in prayer; he still carries his crucifix on high, and, as he goes out, he makes the sign of the cross, looking at Athalie. Pierre bars the door, and stands for a moment looking at Athalie, who has risen.*)

PIERRE: (*leveling his finger at her, and walking toward her.*) Ah, traitress, see what you have done!

ATHALIE: Oh, father! Even thou? Oh no, no, no! I have done nothing! I have not done it!

PIERRE: You lie, woman! You lie!

ATHALIE: Father it was only—Oh God! Why have I not told thee before?—Only I and Rodolfe—

PIERRE: And you confess? That arch traitor dog—.

ATHALIE: We meant to flee—.

PIERRE: Traitress! Liar! Hell-bound woman!

ATHALIE: We meant to flee to America—to bring thee after—.

PIERRE: Liar! No daughter of mine! (*Shots are heard, and shouts, nearer this time.*)

ATHALIE: Oh, father, father! I should—.

PIERRE: Oh, would God had made my heart iron, that it might not hold love! Can I listen to thee and not melt? My heart, be steel! Oh, it melts, it melts, and drowns my soul! I cannot do it! Come, girl, save thyself! *..(Drops gun; rushes to left door, opens it.)* Quick! Out this way! Save thyself! I am so old—so old! I cannot avenge my country on thee! I am so old!

(Suddenly the retreating villagers burst out singing the Marseillaise! “Aux armes, citoyens, formez vos bataillons! Qu’un sang impure abreuve nos sillons!”)

As the wondrous hymn dies in the distance, Pierre stands fascinated. Athalie is dry-eyed and motionless. As the music fades to nothing, Pierre suddenly straightens up, slams the door to, and bolts it.)

PIERRE: God! That song has put steel into me! I have loved thee, woman, but I love France better! These old arms of mine (*holding forth his trembling arms*) have still the strength to kill the spawn of mine that turns on France! (*He advances toward her; she shrinks in terror.*)

ATHALIE: (*shrilly.*) Oh, father, father! I have told thee—Oh, do not do this!

PIERRE: I love thee most even as I send thee to hell! (*He strangles her.*) To hell—(*she breaks his hold slightly.*)

ATHALAE: Oh look—look there when I’m gone! (*She points to the jar on the mantle as best she can; Pierre continues to strangle her, unheeding.*)

PIERRE: My blood is icy! Go—woman—to hell! Tell them—I shall be there anon! Thou—thou hast betrayed—betrayed France! (*Athalie relaxes in his grasp, and dies; he throws her into a chair by the fireplace where she sits looking as if in calm thought; Pierre looks at her for a moment, laughs shrilly, wipes his brow with the back of his hand, and staggers to a chair opposite her. The sounds, which have been slowly approaching, now resolve themselves into marching; the command to halt is given outside, and rough knocks are heard at the door.*)

VOICE: (*outside.*) Is this where the woman lives? Is this the place he entered? (*Pierre rises, grasps the musket, and listens.*)

SECOND VOICE: Yes, captain, she is here. (*followed by some remarks in German.*)

RODOLFE’S VOICE: (*he sounds frantic.*) No, no, no! She is not here!

PIERRE: (*muttering.*) You go to hell with her! (*Shoots through the door; there is a groan, and the shot is returned; Pierre reels grasping his side, and dropping the gun.*)

PIERRE: It is done—it is done! (*sinks into a chair.*)

(The door is burst open; enter a Prussian officer followed by two

soldiers, supporting Rodolfe; bound and bleeding; soldiers within; the door is left open.)

OFFICER: *(to soldiers.)* Bring him here! *(To Pierre.)* We shall look into this! *(Rodolfe is brought slightly forward.)*

RODOLFE: *(to Pierre.)* You did not need shoot, old man! I had already twenty wounds—*(seeing Athalie.)* Ah, my beloved, to think that we should come to this—but what's this? My God! A corpse? God, who has done this?

PIERRE: *(tries to rise.)* Thou heavy traitor, I did it! She was a traitress and a liar!

RODOLFE: *(still stunned.)* Traitress? Liar? Ah, my Athalie, God never made a purer or more innocent flower! See her curls—so golden; her cheeks, so rosy—her lips in such a smile! Tell me she is a traitress! But wipe my lips—my life is going out at my lips—*(wipes his bloody lips on his shoulder, and coughs violently.)*

PIERRE: And well it is! Ay, thou shalt burn with me in hell this night! *(He laughs wildly.)*

RODOLFE: *(in the calm that precedes death; he talks monotonously.)* Old man, why have you done this?

PIERRE: Why? Why? Who knows better than thou?

RODOLFE: Oh, tell me quickly! I am dying!

PIERRE: *(fiercely.)* Because of her Godless passion for you! Because she betrayed Souvigny for you—France for you!

RODOLFE: Betrayed—betrayed? What do you mean? Oh God! You have killed her without blame! I hate Prussia—

OFFICER: Shut up there!

RODOLFE: We planned to escape—to go to America—to bring you after—.

PIERRE: Both say it—both of them! But I know you lie—you must lie! Tell me you lie, quickly! *(He is frantic.)*

RODOLFE: But I do not lie!

OFFICER: *(coming forward.)* Come, stop this twaddle! I have allowed you to sob long enough! Old man, where is your money? Come, we will not hurt you if you give us your money!

PIERRE: *(sinking into chair.)* You cannot harm me now! But all I own is in yonder jar. *(Points to the one on the mantle.)*

OFFICER: A few filthy francs, I suppose. *(Picks up the jar and shakes it; there is no sound.)* Bah! Not even that! *(He flings the jar to the floor, smashing it at Pierre's feet; the paper catches Pierre's eye, and he picks it up.)*

PIERRE: What's this? *(Reads.)* "To Father." But my eyes grow dim—read it to me! *(Giving paper to Rodolfe.)* I wonder why my eyes grow dim—and my ears ring—? *(He talks faintly, head drooped.)*

RODOLFE: Now you'll believe this, old man! Hear this! *(Reads.)* "Dearest Father—How can I leave thee in this way? Canst ever forgive me? Rodolfe and I are going to America. He is going to desert the Prussians, for he hates them. We will bring thee to America after the war, and we can live together in peace and happiness. Do not think I deceive you; for I love France,

oh, so much! I cannot sing the glorious hymn without tears. But we shall have a delightful home in America! They say there are beautiful places there, and trees, and birds, and streams, just like we have here in France! And Rodolfe and I can work our little farm and be happy; and you will sit in the chimney corner, or on the doorstep on summer days, and think of blessed Souvigny! And you will bless your children, and—perhaps—perhaps your grandchildren! Until then, dear, dear father, remember that I love thee more than life; and do not think hardly of your most loving and dutiful—Athalie.”

PIERRE: (*he is slightly aroused from his stupor.*) But why—why—how about our patriot Lamont?

OFFICER: We saw this man (*indicating Rodolfe*) have a great interest in Souvigny; we watched, and discovered you to be a nest of spies—.

PIERRE: (*addressing the corpse.*) Athalie, why didst thou not tell me? I think—I think—perhaps—I could have understood! (*Sinks back.*) God, thou hast seen fit to break my heart; now take me to thyself! She—so frail a flower was not meant for this earth long; the angels would have taken her ere long. How like a broken lily she lies there! (*Stretching his hands over her in token of blessing.*) Farewell, my darling, and a sweet sleep to thee in all thy loveliness! All is done—all is done. It is all gone—I need—not—remain—after—(*Dies.*)

RODOLFE: Everything is done; I, too, am finished. Look how this blood gurgles in my mouth! Oh—it is strangling—strangling me—! God! God! Athalie! (*Falls dead at Athalie's feet.*)
(*Enter an aide.*)

AIDE: (*saluting.*) Sir, the people are prisoners, except those who escaped to the south with the Priest; the goods and herds are ready for transportation to camp. The entire village excepting this house, is burning.

OFFICER: (*returning salute.*) Spoil these bodies, and kick the coals onto the floor; see that the place is well alight before you leave.

AIDE: (*saluting.*) Yes, sir!

OFFICER: (*stepping to the door; to soldiers within.*) Attention! Forward, march!

(*Curtain, to a slow drum dying in the distance.*)

—BURT TEATS.

Moliere

IN HIS DEFENSE of "Tartufe", Moliere announces the motives by which he is guided as follows: "The use of comedy is to correct the vices of men,—the finest arguments of serious moral teaching are often less forceful than those of satire . . . nothing admonishes man better than the portrayal of his defects. To expose vice to the ridicule of the world is to deal it a heavy blow,—we will stand admonitions and reproaches easily enough—but not raillery. We are willing enough to be wicked,—but we are *not* willing to be ridiculous."

Moliere had gained his knowledge of human nature in the hard school of experience—though he was no "fool". Born in the heart of Paris, the fifteenth of January, 1622, he grew up within stone's throw of the famous "Pont Neuf," and of the Place Dauphine, where after school he and his companions mingled with the gaping, credulous crowd that surrounded the clowns, mountebanks, and charlatans who plied their trade there, enjoying, like the true Paris gamin that he was, the gossip and disputes of the market-women, and the credulity of the country bumpkins.

At twenty, after having received a serious and excellent education at the old College de Clermont, now the famous College de Louis le Grand, and studying with the great epicurean philosopher, Gassendi, whose wise and positive instruction, founded on observation and experience, never left him, Moliere, the young epicurean, lawyer, essayist, the son of prosperous, upright tradespeople, was swept away into the current of stage life through his infatuation for the gifted and handsome Madeleine Bejart, and by the imperious call of his own unmistakeable leaning toward dramatic art.

For fifteen years he led the life of a strolling player in the provinces, first acting in the current plays of the day, and then, as need, and the divine spark urged him, writing plays of his own for the company to act.

At first he but imitated and adapted Italian plays, plagiarising right and left, even as Shakespeare, but the force of his genius revealed itself in the importance he gave to the characters themselves, of whom he made living beings, acting and speaking in logical accord with their nature and surroundings. He had a genius for observation, his characters were based on living models, his good, strong, common sense was both local and universal, so that he saw human nature itself—detached from religion or epoch. Even in his most extravagant explosions of gaiety, his unshakable common sense stood forth, the cornerstone of the whole structure.

Being, like Shakespeare, actually an actor, he had absolute command of the art of staging. He knew that a play is improved, corrected, and completed with each successive performance and the play of the actors and their contact with the audience, and his plays were not published during his sojourn in the provinces. He did not write to be *read*, but to be *seen* and *heard*, and he went farther than his predecessors by adding to the scenic action the scoffing representa-

tion of the failings and vices and the absurdities to which the French are so sensitive.

He made playable plays. He was perfectly aware that his audiences came to the theatre to laugh, but even in his most grotesque buffoneries, he knew how to drive home some sage lesson of sound common sense, and make his public accept it. And in this, as with Rabelais, he was but transferring to the stage the shrewd philosophy and homely good sense of the average French peasant, such as the incomparable servants of his own comedies, of whom perhaps, the immortal "La Forest" of his own household is the original.

He noticed everybody's ways, and afterwards applied them to his characters, in whom he "took off" everybody, himself the first of all, "being the first to laugh, and to laugh the loudest, of all at his own domestic troubles, his apprehensions and miseries"—as he was also the last, practically dying on the stage, making grimaces in his agony to hide the truth of his hopeless condition behind the jest of "Le Malade Imaginaire".

His plays give the impression of having been constructed "on living models", his troupe seated around him, taking part in the planning, discussing, settling in the details, and "trying on".

When he at last returned to Paris in 1658, fifteen years of wandering had matured him and deepened his powers of observation. His knowledge of human nature was vast, and knocking about from pillar to post had saved him from all the narrow prejudices which result from a youth too long cramped in the same narrow circle. Thanks to this experience, he could understand and amuse all classes, while he taught them with the spectacle of their shortcomings, which, underneath the differences in costume and manner, were common to all of them.

As a result, he, the Contemplator, whom we see, a solitary figure, moving through so many of his plays, harps again and again on the same themes, turning over and over, for our inspection and edification, the same weaknesses of the same types. The time was ripe for a return to nature, truth, and simplicity,—the pendulum had swung too far in the other direction. His natural diction, in playing the classics, scandalised the Italian actors of the Hotel de Bourgogne, accustomed to ranting and monthing, but in the presentation of Moliere's own plays, this same lack of affectation moved the public to enthusiastic admiration, and, like *Oliver Twist*, it demanded more.

La Fontaine, who was one of those who carried on the campaign against romanesque mannerisms and artificial simplicity, wrote of him in rhyme: "We have changed our methods, Jodelet is out of style, nor must we now depart one single step from nature." This was written after a performance of "Le Facheux", in which Moliere depicts the type of importunates who were the bane of Louis XIV's life. Those of the spectators who did not recognize themselves on the stage, at least recognized their fellows. It was due to the tolerance and protection of Louis XIV that this play was presented and accepted, and it led to more daring onslaughts upon those still higher up. And it is due to Louis XIV that the world knows not only Moliere, the writer of inimitable farces, but Moliere, the satirist and moralist, creator of the great types of human vice and virtue, the defender of progress against tradition and of science against routine.

The whole work of his life pivots on his struggles from 1664 to 1669 to have his "Tartufe", the "Hypocrite", recognised and permitted on the Paris stage. As he so clearly takes his stand in the prefaces to "Tartufe" that the purpose of comedy "is to . . . expose vice to the ridicule of the world", to unmask the hypocrite in whatever garb and place he may be found,—the future of all that was teeming in that fertile brain, or lying perhaps already sketched in the old trunk of manuscripts that followed him through all his wanderings to the end, depended on the success or failure of this effort.

In 1669, his cause was won, at the court, in town, in the provinces and abroad, and with it liberty of speech for the theatre and for the playwright. His hatred of lies, hypocrisy, and charlatanism, his vigorous defense of truth and simplicity, broke down the traditional barriers, opening a saner and truer vision to low as well as high.

Before he came to Paris, there were two widely different types of play presented before the public—one for an aristocratic court, international in character,—the other for the lackeys and soldiers, "to split the ear of the groundlings". This line of demarcation between aristocratic and popular art became more and more acute through the development of classic tragedy, and probably also through the extreme artificiality of the *precieuse* school. Moliere reconciled the two, and in his hands "comedy, transformed and restored by the sincerity of his good common sense and quality of general observation, instead of remaining the incomplete expression of one social class or the other, was to become not only the 'National Comedy of France' but the 'Human Comedy' for all civilised nations."

MRS. ARNOLDSON.

Change

I see you wearing a new grey look upon yon;
I can't believe that life so rich as yours should feel decay.

Last night a copper sunset stained the sky,
And melted,
Into vast, transcendent light.

The transitory perfume of the youthful flower
Has left my drying jonquil,
And the blackening fibres of its yellow leaves
Recreate a paper flower.
Stiff-veined.

Another Sweetness lies within its thin transparency
Of all the springs that faded
In the world.

—MARY ELIZABETH DOERR.

A Chronicle of the 80's

THE spring of 1880 enclosed the little town of Howling Wolf with green prairies and bright blue skies, and flooded it with soft warm sunshine. The snow in the street had melted, so that the ox-teams laboriously dragged the well-loaded cattle and sheep wagons thru the squashy mud. The air was richly scented with the budding cottonwoods and the freshening sage.

Yet in Howling Wolf there was an under-current of tenseness. Men walked about excitedly with brows contracted into frowns. Trouble was brewing. The cowmen stood in little groups talking earnestly, yet when a passer-by came near them lapsing into a death-like silence. The sheep men were likewise conversing earnestly in small groups. They too lapsed into silence when any others drew near. The factions exchanged surly glances of hatred. Each side was armed; ready for a fight, eager for fight, but not willing to open it. At this time a curse, a quick movement of a gun-hand and the two factions would have shot out their quarrel.

The quarrel was one of long standing. The cattle had for years had full and undisputed use of the ranges. Then the sheep had come, and with them hatred. They grazed over and ruined the ranges. Each year found the cattle men with larger herds and restricted ranges. The cattle men must either keep their ranges free from sheep or quit the game. Fights had occurred between lone herders and stray punchers. Each side had lost blood. Then in revenge the 'Lazy T' outfit had raided Blackburn's sheep camp. Two herders had been wounded, every pan and utensil had been destroyed and the sheep had been turned back upon the range they had already destroyed. A few days later great bands of sheep had been run on the Screech Owl range, which was the fall grazing grounds of the 'Inverted Wine Glass.' Jack Flaxton, owner of the 'Inverted Wine Glass,' had been forced to ship early in the season and had lost much because of a low market. At another time a fire had started from a sheep-wagon and had swept across the 'U bar O' winter range. The cattle men had been furious. What right had the sheep upon their ranges? What right had the sheep men to burn off ranges which they did not use? Then had come the winter. During the long months of snow the hatred had grown in each camp. Cattle men had sat by their firesides discussing the events of the past open season; sheep men had planned new inroads upon the disputed grazing grounds. Bitterness had crept in; vengeance had been vowed. Friends had met, discussed ways and means of righting the wrongs, organized, and then had waited for spring.

Now spring had come. The cattlemen were pushing their herds northward on to the Goose Creek range, coming in from Wyoming. The sheep men were crowding their herds southward on to the Goose Creek range, coming in from the Yellowstone plains. Each faction was sending supplies to their camps from Howling Wolf. Each side eagerly watched the other, hoping to find some inkling of hidden

plans. Each side was willing to fight but realized that the right moment had not yet come.

Late that afternoon a smiling herder dismounted from his horse and went into the Rattlesnake saloon. Other sheep men followed. There was the sound of tinkling glasses; men were cheering; laughter rang out loudly. In just a little while the news was being spoken by every sheep man and every resident in Howling Wolf. The sheep were already grazing along the Choppy Breaks. Working both ways from there they had taken complete control of all the Goose Creek range. The cattle men had been beaten. Sheep men walked up and down the board sidewalks laughing, insolent, spoiling for a fight. They gathered in groups, glanced toward the cattle men and burst out in snickering laughter and sarcastic baa-a-s. The cattle men remained silent with a slight suspicion of a smile playing at the corners of their mouths, their eyes narrowed ever so slightly. But their jaws showed an added squareness, their fists were clenched. They sat on the edge of the board walks and silently smoked cigarettes.

Night came and the sheep faction made merry in the Rattlesnake saloon. Cowpunchers went one by one into the Silver Dollar saloon across the street, and later left in twos and threes and rode away. By midnight the town was deserted except for the celebrating sheep men and a few anxious-eyed cattle men. In the early morning hours cowpunchers came riding into Howling Wolf in groups of eight and ten. The sound of tinkling glasses was heard in the Silver Dollar saloon. On the board walks groups of cattle men gathered in earnest conversation, many times interrupted by low chuckles.

On the second morning activities were resumed in Howling Wolf. Ox-teams were laboriously dragging the cattle and sheep wagons thru the squashy mud when a herder weak from wounds dismounted from his horse and wobbled into the Rattlesnake saloon. Sheep men walked the boards walks angrily. Their brows were knit in sullen hatred. In just a little while the news was being spoken by every resident in Howling Wolf. During the night all of the sheep on the Goose Creek range had piled themselves up in the Breaks. Those that had not died in that way had had their skulls crushed in. Three sheep outfits were ruined. Goose Creek range was now open to cattle. There was no further need to fear the sheep. The cow men's spurs clinked on the board sidewalks as they slowly strolled along watching the sheep men. A cowpuncher slapped another upon the back and uttered a loud baa-a-a. A sheep herder shot him. At once there was a scurrying to cover. Bullets zinged thru the window panes and left little round holes or chipped off splinters from the casings. Men ran into the nearest buildings and then from the doorways kept on the fire upon their enemies. Pistols barked from every window and doorway. Occasionally came the sharp crack of a rifle. Now and then a man fell from a doorway to the board sidewalk and then crawled to safety, a thin red line marking his movement. Gradually the scattered firing concentrated at the Rattlesnake and the Silver Dollar saloons. Then the cowpunchers changed their tactics. They surrounded the Rattlesnake saloon, their fire keeping the sheep men away from the doors and windows. Some one worked his way up to the side of the building and started a fire. The flames worked up under the boards and into the dry frame-work, filling the saloon with smoke and gas. The sheep men were cornered. If they came out the bullets of the cow

men got them; if they stayed inside the flames got them. The battle could not continue long.

Then above the snapping of the rifles and the pistols was heard the pounding of horses' hoofs. Some one yelled, "The troops!" The firing ceased. Men disappeared from their barracades. The door of the burning saloon was thrown open, and the sheep men staggered into the streets dragging their wounded. Men in blue uniforms took posts along the board walks and kept order; residents of the town formed a bucket brigade and began putting out the flames.

Night came and all was quiet. Blue uniformed men slowly paced back and forth before the lighted windows. A few cowpunchers sat in front of the Silver Dollar saloon. They were silent, but a slight suspicion of a smile played at the corners of their mouths and their eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

—GEORGE L. DALLY.

Autumn

Blinding, colorless seas
Of disconsolate fogs
All morning have engulfed me
In their melancholy depths
And hidden from me
All that once I knew
And loved
Of pagan earth's warm beauty.

Cold winds,
Breathings of the God of death,
Pierce me
And congeal my soul.

The clouds are gone
Except a few that hug the hills
In fear of being nothingness.

The hills that were a part of me
When sunshine's warming kiss
Had soothed them to tranquility,
Reposing in gold dreams,
Are cold, beneath a colder, greyer sky.

Oh God,
Will grey life fade
Before the coming night,
Without one touch of sunset's passion
As she leaves
Her once beloved hills?

—JACK B. STONE.

A Christian ?

FALL IN." The command rang sharp above the muffled breathing of an engine down the track. The scrunching of shoes in snow and the rattle of machine guns, together with the jostling of soldiers in the yellow light was in marked contrast with the quiet gloom on all sides.

Outside the oblong of yellow light cast by the station lamps, snow-covered hats and shoulders remained motionless. A disturbing attitude of silence had been maintained from the moment of the troop train's arrival.

Private Jones took his place in the front rank sullenly. It wasn't pleasant to be routed out on Christmas Eve and ordered into a strike district. He had had that unpleasant experience before. He never could forget some of the things he had seen in these strike districts. "Why in Hell couldn't they wait 'till spring with their damned strike?" he grumbled to his neighbor.

His reply was a kick on the ankle. He muttered, "Poor devils", and subsided.

The company commander was reading orders. "Christmas mess will be served at midnight in the Palace Hotel by the Employers' Association." So they were going to patch things up with a feed. The dinner he and Ethel had planned would have been something more than "mess".

"Ain't war Hell?" someone grunted.

"I thought I was through when I came back home," Jones answered.

"Why in blazes did yuh sign up?"

"Had to eat."

The troops were moving toward the main street. Sullenly the men in front gave way, hate-filled eyes staring at the men who had come to suppress them. Without a word they formed a lane to the street and watched the soldiers pass. And sullenly the soldiers marched.

Private Jones was thinking of other marches. He wondered if any of the boys were in that crowd. He guessed the employers wouldn't give them a feed. —They looked hungry too—Why didn't they go to work then? They weren't getting enough to live on.—The employers had enough to feed them for years—but then—they shouldn't start breaking windows.

They were marching down the main street. Both sidewalks were filled with men, women and children. There were young girls there, some shabby and others well dressed and smiling. In a doorway stood an old man in dirty overalls and jumper. He had no cap. He crouched with shoulders hunched up and knees pressed together. Private Jones shivered as he passed.

He was glad he had found a place for Ethel. —Why shouldn't they break windows? He had been hungry while looking for a job. —He had wanted to smash up everything.

Under a lamp, he saw her. The sinking in his stomach made him faint. He wanted to sit down. Then he came closer and passed her. No. It wasn't Ethel.

He breathed again. But that face wouldn't leave him. Those eyes were Ethel's—but the lips were too red. There were clumsy blotches on the cheeks. But the lips seemed familiar. —She had been watching a man on the corner. But her eyes were frightened. Perhaps she, too, was hungry.

Why not break windows?— Didn't she have a right to live decently?— Hadn't those ragged human beings on the corner a right to eat?— There was an old woman holding the hand of a spindle-legged boy. They were waiting for their Christmas dinner—of soup.

What right had he here? Those frightened eyes accused him. He thought of Ethel—starving. He was here to make them starve in peace—to protect the windows.

They turned a corner. The street was filled with men and women listening to a young man who spoke from a doorway. As the troops approached he stopped. There were cries of applause. Someone saw the soldiers and cursed. The people turned to face the law of their government.

There was a muttering of hundreds of mouths. The soldiers stopped, machine guns fixed for action.

Then from a spire on the hill chimes rang out. It was Christmas. In a church on the corner ahead a hymn was being sung. The music drifted over a silenced mob. "Unto us a son is born."

A woman shrieked. A rock struck a machine gun and rolled in the snow.

"Fire." The order was delivered in a passionless voice.

Those frightened eyes accused private Jones. He whirled his machine gun to the rear and pressed the trigger. There was a pistol crack. Something bit at his head.

As Private Jones slouched in the snow his gun was reversed. But his lips held the form of a curse—or a prayer.

—JACK B. STONE.

Dawn Thoughts

IT IS that still, cold gray hour when night is poised and dawn hesitates behind the hills. The ebb of life is at its lowest in the tenement attic. The face of the girl asleep on the bed is a vague blur of misty white against the tumbled mass of the bed clothes. Two women have just entered the room. They come from answering the desperate plea for aid from the mother of the sick child in a grimy room below. The black hours have given way to gray ones, and now, too nervous to sleep, they await morning. The older woman, wan and hopeless, leans dejectedly against the window. A younger woman, dissipated, and reshuffling a pack of cards. The girl on the bed moves and gropes in the darkness, murmuring.

THE SLEEPER: I hear a sound like the sigh of a crowd. Something stirs far off. Mother, what is that sound I hear?

THE WATCHER: Turn over—go back to the dark emptiness of your dreams. It is the wind that stirs, and it brings only the spring.

THE KNOWER: Only the spring . . . Oh yes, you remember—spring. The moist, close dark of a movie house. A paneled niche in the wall and three wax roses in a painted vase with a soft green light lovingly touching them to silver. The eyes of the girls in the place stray wistfully to the emerald glow and they are vaguely sad. The low sigh of the orchestra while the screen lovers kiss. And the girl in front never ceasing to chew her gun. Spring? Go back to sleep. *(She laughs harshly.)*

THE SLEEPER: The wind keeps bringing a wild faint throbbing. It disturbs me. It makes my heart beat faster, and I cannot sleep.

THE WATCHER: It's just Love passing on the wind in the narrow pit of the street. It will soon be gone.

THE KNOWER: There is a spider's web across the chest where you keep that packet of old faded letters, Mother. And a round black spider, hairy and goggle-eyed, is waving his arms there. There's a fly too, staring with stupid terror at the dry, empty body of the spider's last victim.

THE SLEEPER: *(puzzled)* I dreamed the spider was a prince.—But what is that rumble that shakes the earth? I am afraid. I don't know why. Tell me, what is it?

THE WATCHER: Maybe it is distant thunder; maybe—it sounds like a cathedral organ and a congregation's chant to God.

THE KNOWER: I remember the disdain on the faces of the crowd pouring from the unbarred doors of a church; and the congratulatory simper of the black-coated minister as he patted the fat politician's shoulder, while keeping his admiring eye on the winking diamond in his cravat. I remember the white anguished face of the sick tenement mother calling on the empty sky for help, and realizing that the sky was empty . . .

THE SLEEPER: It has wakened me. What is it—that sound?

THE WATCHER: *(turning and speaking sadly)* Well, it is the milk-

wagon rattling thru the streets. Come, it's day. Get up. Get up.

THE SLEEPER: (*drowsily*) And what is day?

THE KNOWER: (*rising and shrugging her shoulders*) Day? It's toil—drudgery, and thoughts that forget dawn. Come. Hurry. (*shaking the Sleeper*) We must not be late to work.

The Sleeper shivers, yawns and scrambles into her clothes. All three straggle out. The Knower leads, stalking grimly; the Watcher follows, pulling the Sleeper by the hand. The Sleeper lags back and casts a wistful glance at the cold dawn stealing into the room.

—PEARL HEFFERLIN.

If I Should Go.

If death this very night should beckon me
Into its dark abyss of restfulness,
Beyond the wonder-spell of your caress;
You would go wanly out again to see
The places where we lived so carelessly,
And linger there with softly dreaming eyes
Till twilight dimmed the crimson of the skies
And numbed your memory's poignant ecstasy.

Yet soon that quiet deluge of your grief
(As painful crimson sunsets flame and wane)
Would slacken, and your youth would seek relief
From emptiness where grief had been—and then
A yearning for a new love in your eyes.
—How could I love and will it otherwise?

—LLOYD S. THOMPSON.

BOOK NOTICES

The Poets of the Future. A College Anthology. For 1921-1922. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. (The Stratford Company). The latest annual issue of this anthology of verse from colleges throughout the United States contains 127 pieces from 68 colleges. The University of California has eight pieces; no other school has more than four. The University of Montana is not represented; but in a list, "Other Poems of Distinction," at the back of the book, this school has six poems, no other school having more than four of the 137 named.

The most enjoyable bit in the volume, the only quite startling bit, is a frontispiece which must be shown here entire:

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE.

They have bound our hearts together;
Set them out on life's great sea
Where the storms will surely drive us
Now and then into the lee.

But I hope, dear friends, we make it,—
Put our ships back on the main,—
Find our duly treasures waiting,
As old Time will sift the grain.

The reader opening at this first poem may rub his eyes, re-read—and suspect sarcasm in the title of book and poem. But further reading will show him that this piece is used merely as a point of departure, from which to measure distances—or, better, as a beauty patch. For all others are, of course, infinitely better than this. While there can be no doubt that all are *bona fide* college-student productions, yet a goodly number are worthy achievements for amateurs.

A straight-ahead reading of this book is entertaining enough for one who loves and understands college students, but a more delightful manner of partaking is to turn several leaves together and read passages at random, as in seeking ominous passages in the Bible. Thus at the top of page 47, all in the middle of a poem, is this continuous passage; tender and satisfying:

A little wife cried because her husband scolded her.
But when he came home that evening
He told her about the rose beside the path;
They smiled, and the ache was gone,
And there was the peace of love in two souls again.
Before your soft, pink eyelids closed in sleep
Under the shining stars,
A broken-winged butterfly fluttered to your heart
And lingered there, to die.

If this be not filched from Amy Lowell, to be hidden away like Joseph's cup in a sack of bran, then the author is here being a poet of the present, having to learn only where to begin and where to stop.

Almost all of these pieces show influences from contemporary rather than earlier poets. There abounds the contemporary egoism—the prevalence of the word I, the assertion of self's interests, and the contempts replacing all the old reverences. Subjects, manner of treatment, and verse are in contemporary modes.

Among the best of these poems are "Behind the Falls," "The Mocking-Bird," "The City That Lost Its Faith," and "Glimpses of Her," and "Seeking Love," under "Songs of Youth."
—R. W. F.

Cytherea; by Joseph Hergesheimer.—When Joseph Hergesheimer deserted the 1840's of "Java Head" for the 1920's of his latest book, he disappointed hundreds of critics and thousands of readers who had found delight in his genius for the exotic and remote. His style, too, is a disappointment, with its split phrases and superabundance of commas, giving it the appearance of having been "dictated, but not read."

The admiration of the middle-aged Lee Randon for a doll named Cytherea furnishes the fetish-motif. Mrs. Randon did not possess certain characteristics attributed to the doll, while Savina Grove did possess them. So when Lee's wife stabbed him in the jaw with a paper-cutter he carried Savina off to his brother's plantation in Cuba, where she died. Lee,

deliberating over a possible course of action, outlined the whole situation to his brother Daniel, and asked for advice. Should he put a hole in his head or take poison? But brother Daniel by that time was asleep.

There ended the story of Cytherea, quite naturally. The drowsiness of Daniel Randon is sufficient criticism. The story does lack objective of action, which is enough to make almost anyone sleepy.

—H. M. P.

The Bonds of Freedom—(The Briary Bush, by Floyd Dell, Knoff, N. Y.)

The Briary Bush is unsatisfying. The simple beauty that enthralled the understanding readers of "Moon-Calf" is not there. It should not be. But in its place there is a complex, intangible beauty that is none the less poignant.

The marriage of Felix and Rose-Ann, with its accompanying pledges of freedom, their striving to live lives that will be unhampered, and their choice of an abode that will be symbolical of this freedom, may make the reader impatient with these two yearners after the fullness of life, but cannot fail to arouse his sympathy. Felix and Rose-Ann were artists, and they had forgotten their biology. This scientific fact, treated as it is, with all the warmth and beauty of understanding, is the motif of the story.

This desire, the yearning for a child, and the struggle against this yearning, never revealing itself clearly to either of them, threatens to wreck their happiness. It is worked out ingeniously and with a fine symbolism. The natural force of life writhes and chafes under the bonds of the artificial freedom they have set up for themselves. Rose-Ann shows when she tells Felix about the time when she discovered Walt Whitman, and how she sought the answer to some vague, half-conscious question, in "Leaves of Grass."

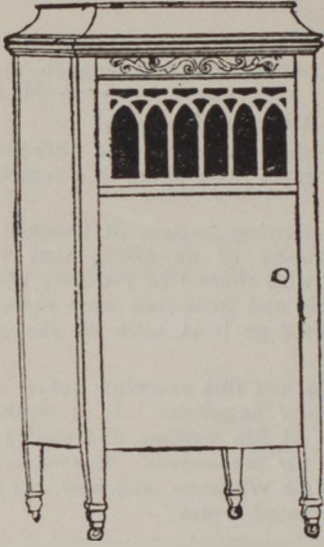
The story ends when Felix and Rose-Ann understand and accept the full meaning of their oft-repeated declaration, "not to be afraid of life, or of any of the beautiful things life may bring." When this declaration at last changed from a truism to a truth with them, the union they yearned for became a reality.

In this novel Floyd Dell has portrayed life in all its perplexing intricacy. Perhaps he will have to die before The Briary Bush can be accepted.

—L. S. T.



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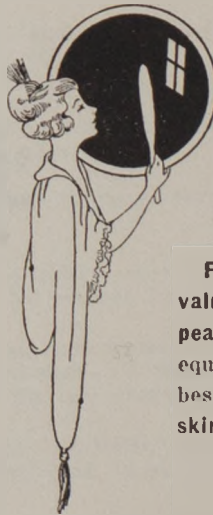
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MENDING AND HOSE DARNING
is done for our Customers
FREE

Missoula Hairdressing Parlor



For the Woman who values her personal appearance we are fully equipped to give the very best attention to her skin, hair and nails.

MARCELLING and
WATER WAVING OUR
SPECIALTIES

Phone 1650

Missoula Hotel Block

Missoula Creamery COMPANY

Wholesalers



PASTEURIZED MILK
AND CREAM



ICE CREAM

BUTTER

AND CHEESE



CASH BUYERS OF CREAM
Missoula, Montana

John R. Daily Co.

115-119 West Front St. Phones 117-118

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish,
Poultry and Oysters

Packers of

Daco ^{Pride} Mark Hams

BACON and LARD

BRANCH MARKETS:

Model Market, 309 No. Higgins
Phone 135

Montana Market, 509 So. Higgins
Phone 331

Palace Market, 120 E. Cedar
Phone 245

Hans Jenson

FURNITURE

STOVES

RANGES

RUGS

LINOLEUM



135 W. MAIN

PHONE 895

Thomas F. Farley Company

Groceries

PHONE 54



Merchandise

PHONE 53

601 WOODY STREET

Missoula Trust *and* Savings Bank

MISSOULA, MONTANA

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$250,000.00

Directors:

J. M. KEITH

G. T. McCULLOUGH

R. C. GIDDINGS

S. J. COFFEE

W. M. BICKFORD

H. P. GREENOUGH

J. R. DAILY

Accounts Solicited

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

Four Per Cent Per Annum Paid on Savings and Time Deposits

MEET ME

AT

KELLEY'S

CIGAR
STORE



Billiards and Pool

MISSOULA'S POPULAR EATING
HOUSE

The

Palm
Cafe

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Special Room for Dinner Parties

118 East Cedar Street

"GOOD SERVICE"

Our Motto

THE
**WESTERN MONTANA
NATIONAL BANK**

MISSOULA, MONTANA

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

CAPITAL\$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 100,000.00

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

F. T. STERLING, President

J. H. T. RYMAN, Vice-Pres.

NEWELL GOUGH, Cashier

WILL H. CLARK, Assistant Cashier

G. A. WOLF

C. F. KELLEY

L. O. EVANS

W. L. MURPHY

4% INTEREST ON SAVINGS AND TIME DEPOSITS

**Eastman Kodaks
and Supplies**

Crane's and Highland Stationery
Waterman and Conklin Fountain Pens
Carter's, Higgins and Waterman Inks

BOOKS

2,500 Volumes to Select From.

College Pennants, Memory Books, Etc.
Dennison's Complete Line

CORONA AND REMINGTON
PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

THE
**OFFICE SUPPLY
COMPANY**

"Everything for the Office"

The Smoke House
and
**Postoffice
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226 Higgins Avenue

Exclusive agency

PREMIER
LIFE-GUARANTEE PIPES

Cigars, Tobaccos,
Magazines, Candy and
Smokers' Articles

Subscriptions Taken
for Any Magazine

F. H. KNISLEY, Prop.

Fone 139

DO YOU JUST LOOK, *fellow citizens* OR DO YOU REALLY SEE ?

Most of us think we LOOK and SEE, but if we watch ourselves we will find that we are a most unobserving lot of mortals!

We have been LOOKING at freight locomotives all our lives, and at passenger engines, too! Can you tell how many wheels each type has? Probably not; it is not likely that one person in a thousand can. We LOOK but we do not SEE!

The same holds true regarding numberless other things, including words! Suppose you should LOOK at the word "Penney"—would you SEE that it had in it one more "e" than the word "penny"?

And if that word "Penney" should have two little characters in front of it, like this, "J. C."—a period after each one—would you LOOK at them and really SEE them? Would you know that they are initials and that the word "Penney," which follows, combined with them, is the name of the founder of the World's greatest chain-department store organization?

If so, when you see a large sign over one of the doors of your business blocks, reading "J. C. Penney Company," you will know that a link of this Nation-wide institution of service is located in your town, and that the word "Penney" is not "penny" and has no reference whatever to the little copper piece.

JCPenney Co.
A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION -
Incorporated
312 DEPARTMENT STORES



CURRIN
CUTTER
BERGMANN
JEFFERSON
RUSSELL

**SHOES
and PAGS**

Westerner's
MEN'S OUTFITTERS

We specialize in OUTING CLOTHING

"It's Fresh"

**Our Candy
comes to us
direct from
the factory**

*The Associated
Students' Store*

"On The Campus"